

THE TIMES DAILY MAGAZINE PAGE

Stories of
Adventures
With Blondes

The Romantic Tale of the Blonde Who Posed as Being a Platonic Friend, and What Happened to the Man Who Foolishly Accepted Her as Such. Soft Music. Lights Out.

HE stopped the baby carriage, putting on the brake with a practiced hand, and stood with his back to the two fat occupants.

"You see, it was this way," he began, and passed a handkerchief over his brow, lifting his dusty derby in order to penetrate the higher regions where the forehead never seemed to stop.

"She was the girl who lived next door. Yellow hair, blue eyes, jolly, open, honest eyes—a brick. I never say anybody more fun. She was as spry and frank as a book. All ways making fun of the way girls used to catch the men. She went coming with me, listened to my troubles, helped me with my work, and—why, she never cared how she looked in front of me!" He paused and mopped again, gazing into space.

"She even used to wash her hair and dry it right in the back yard in front of me. She was the best pal ever. Told her all about my girl and what we said and did, and—gosh!" Another aggressive silence.

"Well—I got rather out of the habit of seeing her. Went to see Clara W. Some queen. His tired eyes sparkled and an almost human look softened the lines in his face. "She had dark brown hair, ripe brown eyes—a brunette. Some queen. She was the one of the fat children firmly back in the baby carriage. When his face turned around again it was the same old man."

"Well, I saved up and bought a ring. Well, it was some ring. I was so proud. Only used to talk to the girl next door over the fence. Saw her every day. Didn't have time to say much about Clara." He said it softly.

"Day I got th' ring went to see—er—the girl next door. Went to dusk. Sat in the parlor, and she made me wait. Never made me wait before. And she was dressed up like a horse when she came in." The sentence was chopped off as he wanted to get it over quickly.

"We sat on the sofa, and by and by I took out the ring. I wanted to tell her, my best friend, about Clara. Understand, I was at home there. So I wanted a drink. Ring was in the box. Box put on stand. I left. Got my drink. Went in and sat down beside her again. Then he lowered his voice, looked over his shoulder, pushed the baby carriage far from him and said:

"And by gosh she had on the ring! And when I got over the shock and started to take it off and tell her about the brunette, she just slipped her arms up around my neck, pushed the baby carriage and said—Oh, darling!"

He wiped his forehead again, pulled the baby carriage toward him, bending wearily over the handle, and said: "Look at 'em."

We looked. And out from under two sets of yellow curls, four frank, honest, bluish open eyes regarded us speculatively.

The Gentleman on our left says that he is a blonde, but that as long as the moral of the story we print today would seem to offer as a dedication for "blonde"—a bold, deceitful, and designing FEMALE—he doesn't mind.

Without a family tree and raised by his severe, fox terrier, puppy, won prizes, two of them first, at the Bronx Country Club Dog Show.

Well, that's not very strange. Somebody has to begin being the family tree.

RECIPES

Orange Mint Salad.

Fulp of four oranges.
Two tablespoonfuls of sugar.
Two tablespoonfuls finely chopped mint.
Two tablespoonfuls olive oil.
Two tablespoonfuls lemon juice.
Salt and cayenne pepper.
Peel the oranges, remove the seeds and white connecting tissue, and divide the pulp into convenient-sized pieces; add the sugar, also the mint, very finely chopped, season, marinate with a French dressing made from the olive oil and lemon juice, and serve on crisp lettuce leaves.

Dainty Cherry Cakes.

Two cups bottled or canned cherries.
One cup cherry syrup.
One-half cup butter.
One-half cup sugar.
One cup flour.
Four eggs.
One-half teaspoon baking powder.
Small jar of currant jelly.
Three-fourths cup whipped cream.
Two tablespoonfuls fruit juice.
One-half cup chopped nut meats.
Boil the cherry syrup until it forms a thread between the thumb and finger, then add the bottled cherries and fruit juice and boil for three minutes. Now beat the butter and sugar to a cream and beat in the eggs, one by one; sift in the flour and baking powder and beat the mixture for two minutes. Fill some small well-buttered molds rather more than one-half full with this mixture and bake them in a moderate oven for fifteen minutes. When cooked, turn the cakes out of the tin, cool and scoop out the centers, leaving a neat cone of cake. Spread with jelly, and roll in chopped nuts. Fill the centers with cherries and syrup, and a spoonful of the whipped cream.

Hot Salad Dressing.

2 tablespoonfuls of chopped onion.
2 tablespoonfuls Tarragon vinegar.
4 tablespoonfuls of olive oil.
1 tablespoonful of chopped parsley.
1 teaspoonful of salt.
1 teaspoonful of pepper.
2 tablespoonfuls of chopped celery.
1 tablespoonful of lemon juice.
This mixture is heated until it boils, and is then poured over the salad and served at once.

Seen in the
Markets

THE strawberry season has been delayed by the unusually cold rainy spring. Fruit that would sell for fifteen or eighteen cents under normal conditions brings twenty cents a box. We are still dependent upon Georgia for most of our supply, though by this time of year the berry centers should be Virginia and the Carolinas. The boxes do not seem particularly well filled, and the wise buyer will examine the berries carefully before she makes her purchase to be sure that the dealer isn't selling some of his old stock. Strawberries have been under the average since all season, and rather more sour than usual.

Green peas appeared on the market about three weeks ago, the price at that time being thirty, and sometimes forty cents for a quarter of a peck. The present price is twenty cents for that amount, or ten cents for a quart box.

Spring onions are unusually cheap this week, and of excellent quality. Four bunches for five cents is the average price.

Sweet peppers are small and inclined to be bitter. Though few dealers still have them in stock, three may be had for five cents.

The price of lamb has advanced so rapidly that a number of butchers have stopped buying it for the investment now assumes the aspect of a speculation. Forty cents a pound for loin, with a possible increase of 20 cents more a pound is the news some of the butchers are circulating.

Roquefort cheese is a delicacy that shows the effect of a year's age. A pound was the usual price. Now 70 or 75 cents is charged.

The hothouse tomatoes continue to be plentiful and cheap. A box containing five small tomatoes or a pound of larger size costs 10 cents. The disadvantage of the hothouse tomato is its insipidity, while the color is more yellow than the outdoor variety. Even at that it is a welcome change from the canned variety.

Plenty of rhubarb is seen on the stands. It is cheap at three bunches for 10 cents.

The asparagus season is at its height. Small bunches may be had for as low as 5 cents, while the larger bunches range from 1 cent, two for 15 cents, up to 30 cents for a large bunch.

What They Say
About Us

End of the Shakespeare Myth.

One of the most epoch-making controversies that have ever shaken the world of letters to its foundations has been settled by the simplest and most direct method—by judicial ruling. Judge Richard S. Tutthill, in the Circuit Court at Chicago, has decided that the erstwhile famous bard of Avon was an impostor, and that the real author of "Hamlet," "Romeo and Juliet," and "Macbeth" is none other than the late Lord Bacon, Baron of Verulam, Viscount St. Albans and lord high chancellor of England.

This ruling destroys not only a cherished tradition but a whole literature based upon the assumption that it was Shakespeare who wrote the plays to which his name is appended—plays which have made the English language the repository of the world's treasure. It also upholds a mass of speculative mysticism, such as the Baconian cipher. Finally, it tends to implant firmly upon the brow of Lord Bacon the laurels which have been made the head of William Shakespeare—Shakespeare the poet, Shakespeare the penniless actor, Shakespeare the utterer of some of the sublimest sentiments that have struggled in the minds and hearts of the human race. But whatever the results, the handing down by Judge Tutthill, even his own jurisdiction, it is safe to predict, will not hesitate to risk contempt of court by continuing the old belief that Shakespeare's plays were written by Shakespeare and not by Lord Bacon, Baron of Verulam, Viscount St. Albans, lord high chancellor of England, etc., etc.—New York Evening Mail.

Times Pattern Service



710

Owing to the installation of a system for distribution, orders may not be filled without some delay during the next week, especially those for patrons living outside of the District. All patterns will receive as prompt attention as possible.

(SIZE MUST BE PUT ON COUPON)

THE TIMES PATTERN SERVICE.

May 2.

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Canada Boasts of a Woman Who
Serves As a Recruiting Officer

Work of Mrs. Clara Sanderson Laub, of Canada, Constitutes Obtaining Recruits for the Army, Not Only Among Canadians, But Among Indians in and Near the Province of Ontario.

HERE in the United States the women are just beginning to prove their value to the country in the event of war.

The women of the countries now involved in the European struggle have already won the right to take an active part in military affairs from the recruiting end.

Women recruiting officers are common in England, but Canada has only one, Mrs. Clara Sanderson Laub. Mrs. Laub recently arrived in New York after three months of recruiting.

The patriotism of Canada has already aroused much admiration, yet few people know that the Indians are perhaps the most ardent of England's colonial fighters. In the reservations the war spirit is paramount.

Mrs. Laub states that the 114th battalion, now being prepared for active service, is composed almost entirely of members of the six nations of the Iroquois federation. Many of these men are well educated, she avers, and follow the traditions of their race by excellent marksmanship.

In addition, the Indians who have volunteered and gone abroad to take part in the active fighting have proved valuable scouts.

Mrs. Laub's work in recruiting from the ranks of the red men is only one phase of her duties as a recruiting officer. She has been brought in contact with men of widely different types. Among her most enthusiastic volunteers are several clergymen who believe that their duty for the present lies in the defense of their mother country.

Mrs. Laub began her work something more than a year ago, when she entered one of the field hospitals on the firing line as volunteer nurse. Her relief work also includes active association with the American Relief Clearing House in Paris.

Next week she returns to Canada to resume her official position.



MRS. CLARA SANDERSON LAUB

Etiquette of "Rushing" Explained

The Chaperon Outlines the Usual Methods of Procedure for Both Rusher and Rushee. Practice Makes Perfect in the Art, But Has a Sad Effect on Ideals.

"H"ER? Oh, yes, I rushed her for a while last year. No, I haven't been to see her for a couple of months. Been rushing another girl."

Just how many times this historic comment has been given remains a sealed record in the annals of today. Suffice to say, it is by no means uncommon.

All rushing isn't alike, varying with the character of the rusher, to say nothing of the rushee. Its features are too well known to demand description, while many of the young people of today seem to live in a mass of "off with the old rush, on with the new."

The practiced rusher feels himself a person of much importance. He would be insulted if the girl of his (temporary) choice confessed to a regard for any other young man during the time when she was receiving his devoted attentions.

He, in other words, is a monopo-

list. He must be at liberty to call any and every evening, with the well-founded certainty of not being interrupted by the relatives and friends of the rushee.

If anything happens to cross this dictatorial person, it will be a ready excuse for a haughty withdrawal of his favor and a transfer of his affections to another girl. It may be added that in many cases the young man feels that no excuse is needed. He just goes, maintaining a firm and mysterious silence as to the reason for his displeasure.

The rushee—if she is canny enough—will be a person of retiring disposition and no decided preference for anything. That is, she must not develop a dislike for dancing (unless the rusher thinks it gives him indignation), nor must she cultivate a penance like the theater, roses and candy. If he chooses to send them, she must be abjectly grateful. Otherwise, it is poor form to suggest them.

When the rusher takes his unannounced departure forever, the inexperienced rushee will shower him with imploring telephone calls, beseeching notes, and even an occasional special delivery letter. She knows from the start that his intentions are far from serious, and speeds him on his way with the cheering assurance that she was tired of having him call so often, anyway. In other words, he appears to be the jilted one.

(Practiced rushers seldom approach girls of this type. No man likes to appear foolish.)

But what a tragedy it all is for the girl who thinks the man is serious, the old-fashioned girl to whom the idea of a man calling three or four times a week means an engagement announced some time in the near future.

It is unfortunate that she may give her love to a man of this type, for her faith is bound to be broken sooner or later. Poor little thing, she cannot understand that she is just a new form of amusement to the man.

As for the man—well, he has all the excitement of being engaged without any of the responsibility. In this part of the country the average salary of a young man in his twenties, says, is far from large; in many cases, not enough "to get married on." (That explains the paucity of roses and theater tickets.) He doesn't see why he can't make love to a girl, even though "obedience, matrimony" is not written on his pleasing countenance.

It is a brave girl, indeed, who has the assurance to say concerning an absent ex-sultor:

"Oh, yes, he is the man who rushed me last October."

That is, of course, the natural, though not always possible, feminine version of the man's comment that introduced this column. More often, it takes the form of an appeal to the Chaperon as to a method of "winning him back."

Take my word for it, the chronic rusher isn't worth it!

Bachelor Girl Reflections

By HELEN ROWLAND.

When a man makes a fool of himself "seek the woman"—and you'll always find at least two of them.

It may sound funny, but a woman gets a lot more joy out of the pleasure a man takes in looking at her than he does.

The most miserable moment of a man's life is that in which he suddenly discovers that his wife isn't interesting enough to make him forget his flirtations, and his flirtations aren't absorbing enough to make him forget his wife.

When a woman says "I am misunderstood," she always adds "Alas!" When a man says it he always adds "Thank Heaven!"

A man's idea of impressing a woman with his ability to make her perfectly happy seems to be to begin by proving to her how many women he has succeeded in making perfectly miserable.

This is the foolish time of the year, when even an ardent feminist would rather hear what you think about the color of her eyes or her new spring hat than what you think about the political situation.

Scalp Massage Suggested
As One Method of Saving
Crowning Glory of Women

By DR. LEONARD KEENE HIRSHBERG.

I have often been said that a fine head of hair is a woman's crowning glory. On the street, in the cars, in the theaters, or at any public gathering, one who has beautiful hair is always noticed and often the remark is passed, "Hain't she wonderful hair!" Then look at the man with his bald spot shining prominently and there is no doubt left in the mind that hair is a possession to be prized and cared for most carefully. To improve and beautify the hair we must—as we would a flower or plant—start with its roots.

The scalp may be compared to the soil, and unless it is fed and fertilized, beautiful tresses cannot grow. The scalp may be nourished by parting the hair and dropping a few drops of olive oil on the scalp with an eye dropper. The two chief causes of poor hair are dandruff and poor circulation of the blood in the scalp.

Dandruff is the small, white, scaly substance that is so annoying to some unfortunate scalps. The cause of dandruff is not definitely known, but it is supposed to be a microbe found in dust and dirt. It should be guarded against because it sometimes leads to baldness.

Stimulate the Circulation. It is, therefore, most important to keep the scalp in a healthy, clean, well-ventilated condition and free from dandruff. The scalp dices of dandruff may be removed by frequent brushing of the hair and shampooing.

ing the hair use clear hair brushes, disinfected in formalin. The brush should be stiff with the bristles well separated so it may be easily cleaned.

Combs are only used to remove the tangles from the hair. The teeth of the comb should be widely separated, and never should the old-time one-tooth comb be used. The comb should also be disinfected with formalin.

The circulation of the scalp may be

improved by massaging in cold water—nothing else—with the fingers until the hair is red from friction. This causes the blood to flow more freely and thus acts as a tonic to the scalp.

A very important feature in the care of the hair is the washing. The hair may be washed in any good toilet soap, such as castile soap, and the hair should be thoroughly rinsed until all the soap is removed.

Avoid Tight Hats. The length of time that should elapse between shampoos depends entirely upon the conditions surrounding the particular individual. For some persons a shampoo once a month is sufficient, while others whose hair is exposed to the dust and dirt may find it necessary to wash the hair every two weeks or even every week.

Many there are who think that brushing or shampooing the hair causes some of the hair to come out. The hairs removed by the brush or a shampoo have already been in a loosened condition, and are simply removed and are soon replaced by new, healthy hairs.

It is often said, in error, that cutting the hair will make it thick. Cutting the hair may make it grow faster, but it does not increase the number of hairs. Another false impression prevalent is the statement that hair grows in the growth. But singeing often causes the hair to split at the ends and break off.

For this reason it is generally said that baldness is found more often in men than in women, since a man's hair fits the head tighter than a woman's. (Copyright, 1916, Newspaper Feature Service).

"I'll Finish in a Minute"

Has Your Child the Habit of Replying Thus? Of Putting His Judgment Against Yours?—How to Overcome This Obsession.

By LAURA CLAWSON.

"I AM sure Allen does mean to be obedient," said Allen's mother, uneasily.

Allen had called from the garden, "One minute, mother, I'll finish this row in a minute!"

Allen's minute had lengthened into ten, and his mother had not called again.

Up the walk Allen came, the marks of honest toil on hands and face. His winning smile was checked by his mother's stern face.

"You cannot go with us this afternoon, Allen," was her decision. "I called you, and you answered, but you did not come, and now Miss Laura and I are going without you."

"But, mother," pleaded Allen, "I wanted to finish that last row of pansies. I thought you would be so pleased to know that they were all in."

"I'm sorry, Allen," said his mother, "but I've spoken to you so often about staying to finish something which might as well wait over, that this after-

noon you will have to take the consequences of using your own judgment. Allen passed sulkily into the house, and his mother and I walked toward our car.

"I don't know what else to do, Laura," she confessed. "Allen has developed a perfect passion for finishing whatever he happens to be doing, regardless of time, or of the inconvenience it might be to others, and I have been trying very hard to decide what to do."

"On the face of it, it seems to be a virtue, but it really is not. He will slight whatever he is doing, if it be his lesson, or a task he has been set to do, or merely play for the triumph of knowing that he has accomplished that matter, and so on to the next."

It seemed to me at the time, that my friend was a little over-zealous. I believe she is trying to save him from a most irritating habit. Thoroughness on the one hand, and perseverance on the other, are virtues of the saints, but mere finishing-up for the sake of finishing, may become an obsession, and a mighty convenient one at that.

There are only twenty-four hours in the day, and it is futile to crowd work which can only be done properly under certain conditions into too short a space. The doing of it can never be a real pleasure.

Allen's mother told me that she had partly conquered her small son's habit in this respect by explaining to him that so much more pleasure could be got out of a task if it were not hurried, and that she was watching carefully to see that he had plenty of playtime.

Allen is an only child, and the passion for finishing is more apt to be developed when the worker is isolated than when he is with others. Allen's mother has this habit, which perhaps is not so prevalent as that of tardiness.

(Copyright, 1916, by Laura Clawson.)

Three-Minute
Journey

By TEMPLE MANNING.

I have lived a tribe of nomad shepherds whose very origin is a matter of conjecture. They are known as the "Gaddis," and are distinctly separate from the other tribes of these mountains. Once dwellers on the plains, they were driven into the hills at some ancient time and have continued to live there, until today they are confined to the western slopes. From the British government and the Italian of Chambas, they rent the land they live on in the provinces of Chambas and Kangara.

The men spend their time guarding the flocks on the hills, while the women work in the fields tilling the rocky soil. The women are often really beautiful. The men are sturdy fellows who scorn the use of tents or shelters of any kind, provided only with a blanket of goat hair, which they make themselves, and which is practically waterproof, they remain for months together at altitudes varying from 15,000 to 17,000 feet exposed to the rain, wind and snow. From earliest infancy the boys are trained to their work and to endure all sorts of hardships.

The Gaddis dress consists of a woollen tunic, very full below the waist, and very short, indeed. It is fastened about the waist by a girdle made of goat's hair, wound round and round the body so many times that it takes a long while to get it on or take it off. It is really doubtful if the Gaddis remove the girdle very often.

The girdles possess a meaning that is truly romantic. They are made by the women and are presented by them to the boys and men of their choice. So long as they remain true to their love, the girdle must be constantly worn. These girdles are sometimes as much as 40 yards long, and are usually beautifully made. Their possessors are very proud of them, and will not sell them no matter what the sum offered.

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How Kansas and California
Are Helping.

Kansas, although a suffrage State, by no means is out of the fight for the Federal amendment, and pledges its loyalty to the National Association in the following resolutions:

"Resolved, That the Kansas Good Citizenship League reaffirms its loyalty to the National American Woman Suffrage Association and pledges its most earnest and active support to its campaign to secure the submission of a Federal suffrage amendment."

The Los Angeles District Federation of Women's Clubs, numbering 1,000 women, sends to the National Association the following resolutions which they adopted on March 23:

"Be it resolved, That the Los Angeles District Federation in convention assembled declares that woman suffrage in California is a success, and that this has been demonstrated by the sane and reasonable civic and political activity of women."

"Be it further resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the California Senators and Representatives in Congress, with the request that they favor the suffrage amendment incorporated in the Sutherland bill."

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